

Long Road Home

absolutely
no damn reason
for this

none)

(but
who's gonna buck
15 carloads
of crazyass
teenkids

in T-shirts
& bluejeans
jamming around
mad

challenging

"Man, you passed us three
times on the freeway!"

chorus: "Goofed the drag fella!"

jeers pipe in

"No cat does that to us, so"

no reason

but still

they

come

wielding bigchains
& tirejacks
& crowding around
1 by 1
taking turns

swinging

& battered me
with $\frac{1}{2}$ my life's blood
pumping aimlessly
in the dark

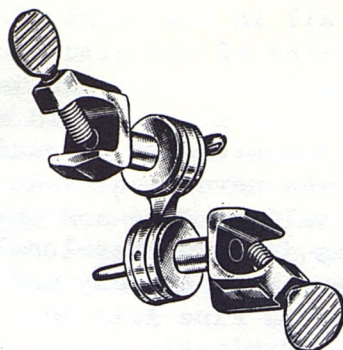
shaping abstract
expressions of

blood & tar & gravel
red & black & graywhite

jesus boys!

until i see

nothing
feel nothing &
care even less



then finally
blackout
wondering....

hell

who's gonna buck
15 carloads of....

One Christmas Away From Home

timeless Ernest in his hairy
buffalo robes
who drove a sleigh in
old-Quebec
in 5 below zero weather
& loved it
was truly a
snowmad saint
with a toothy smile
& smelled of
mustyfur

he was 'old French'
from 'wayback' said he
& all bundled up
he stood
at head of sleigh
talking to his horse
then me
then horse (poor frozenthing with icycles
hanging
on his nose)

& a beard of
frosted slobber
good horse he was
said Ernest
good coat too
buffalo fur
said he pounding
his chest
good weather for
sleighride
just right

i nodded
& after 2 hours
of trotting through
coldglazed city

